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REHEARSAL SCRIPT

Prod. No. 1923 "CALLAN" VTR/ABC/7725

"DEATH OF A HUNTER" (W.T.)

by
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CALLAN: DEATH OF A HUNTER (W.T.)

F I L M I N G B R E A K D O W N
(Blue pages)

Scene No.	Location	Time	Characters	Pages
1	Ext. Earls Court Street	Day 1 DAY	Callan Susanne Kenny Extras	1 - 3
3	Ext. Hunter's Office	Day 2 DAY	Callan Liz	6
16	Ext. Street	Day 2 NIGHT	Lonely Meres Ambulance driver	20
19	Ext. Street	Day 3 MORNING	Lonely	25
21	Ext. Street	Day 3 MORNING	Lonely	27
23	Int. Ambulance	Day 3 DAY	Callan Haynes	29-29a
E N D O F A C T O N E				
25	Int. Ambulance	Day 3 DAY	Callan Haynes	32-33
E N D O F A C T T W O				
40	Int. Garage Section	Day 8 DAY	Callan Haynes Kenny	85
41	Int. Ambulance	Day 8 DAY	Callan Haynes (V/O)	86
42	Ext. London Street	Day 8 DAY	Haynes Callan Kenny	86-88
46	Ext. School Playground	Day 8 DAY	Callan Liz.	92

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STUDIO BREAKDOWN
(White pages)

Scene No.	Location	Time	Characters	Pages
2	Int. Striker's Bedsitter	Day 1 DAY	Susanne Kenny Striker	4-5
4	Int. Hunter's Office	Day 2 DAY	Callan Hunter A	7-8
5.	Int. Striker's Bedsitter	Day 2 DAY	Susanne Striker Kenny Haynes	9
6	Int. Empty Room	Day 2 NIGHT	Callan Hunter A	9-10
7	Int. Striker's Bedsitter	Day 2 NIGHT	Susanne Kenny Striker Haynes Hunter A (V/O) Callan (V/O)	10-11
8	Int. Empty Room	Day 2 NIGHT	Callan Hunter A	11-12
9	Int. Striker's Bedsitter	Day 2 NIGHT	Susanne Kenny Striker Haynes	13
10	Int. Empty Room	Day 2 NIGHT	Callan Lonely	13-14
11	Int. Striker's Bedsitter	Day 2 NIGHT	Striker Lonely	14-15
12	Ext. Empty Room	Day 2 NIGHT	Callan	15
13	Int. Striker's Bedsitter	Day 2 NIGHT	Lonely Striker	16-17

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Scene No.	Location	Time	Characters	Pages
14	Int. Empty Room	Day 2 NIGHT	Lonely Callan	18
15	Int. Meres' Bedroom	Day 2 NIGHT	Meres	18-19
17	Int. Empty Room Block Landing	Day 2 NIGHT	Haynes Meres Heaves	21
18	Int. Empty Room	Day 3 DAWN	Callan Meres Haynes Heavies	22-24
20	Int. Empty Room	Day 3 MORNING	Haynes Meres Callan Heavies	26
22	Int. Empty Room	Day 3 DAY	Lonely	28
24	Int. Hunter's Office	Day 3 DAY	Hunter A Meres	30-31
E N D O F A C T O N E				
27	Int. Lonely's Flat	Day 3 DAY	Lonely	40
28	Int. Hunter's Office	Day 3 DAY	Meres Hunter A Sir John	40-41
29	Int. Lonely's Flat	Day 3 DAY	Lonely	42
31	Int. Lonely's Cell	Day 4 DAY	Lonely Policeman	45
E N D O F A C T T W O				

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Scene No.	Location	Time	Characters	Pages
34	Int. Hunter's Office	Day 6 NIGHT	Hunter A Meres Liz.	62-64
39	Int. Lonely's Flat	Day 8 DAY	Meres Lonely	82-84

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O.B. SCENE BREAKDOWN
(Pink pages)

Scene No.	Location	Time	Characters	Pages
26	Int. Warehouse (Hunter's Off.)	Day 3 DAY	Callan Haynes	34-39
30	Int. Cell	Day 4 DAY	Callan Haynes Susanne	43-44
32	Int. Warehouse (Hunter's Off.)	Day 4 DAY	Callan Haynes Susanne Lonely Hunters A & B Extra (P.C.) Kenny	46-60
END OF ACT TWO				
33	Int. Cell	Day 6 NIGHT	Callan Susanne	61
35	Int. Cell	Day 6 NIGHT	Callan Susanne	65-67
36	Int. Warehouse (Hunter's Off.)	Day 7 NIGHT	Haynes Andrews Hunters A & B Callan Susanne Heavies	68-74
37	Int. Cell Corridor	Day 7 NIGHT	Callan Susanne Guard	74
38	Int. Cell	Day 7 NIGHT	Susanne Guard Callan Hunters A & B Kenny Haynes Heavies	75-81

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Scene No.	Location	Time	Characters	Pages
43	Int. Callan's Flat	Day 8 DAY	Callan	89
44	Int. Hunter's Office	Day 8 DAY	Hunter A Meres	89-90
45	Int. Warehouse (Hunter's Off.)	Day 8 DAY	Haynes Hunter B Susanne Kenny Sir John Andrews	90-91
47.	Int. Hunter's Office	Day 8 DAY	Hunter A	93
48	Int. Passage	Day 8 DAY	Callan	93
49	Int. Hunter's Office	Day 8 DAY	Hunter A Callan Lonely (body) Kenny Susanne Meres	93-96

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CAST

CALLAN
LONELY HUNTER
MERES
HAYNES
SUSANNE
KENNY
ANDREWS
STRIKER
SIR JOHN HARVEY
LIZ (Hunter's Secretary)
KORALIN
N.S. POLICEMEN, HEAVIES, GUARDS

PERMANENT SETS

HUNTER'S OFFICES
CALLAN'S FLAT
CALLAN'S BEDISTTER

SETS

STRIKER'S BEDSITTER
CELL AND CORRIDOR
MERES BEDROOM (SECTION)
SECTION WAREHOUSE
SHOP DOORWAY
INT. AMBULANCE

FILM

EARLS COURT ROADS
EXT. CALLAN'S FLAT
ROAD JUNCTION WITH LIGHTS
EXT. HUNTER'S OFFICES SCHOOLHOUSE

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FADE IN:

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE (STANDARD)

MIX TO:

SCENE 1. DAY 1. DAY. (TELECINE)
EXT. EARLS COURT STREET

CONTINUE TITLE MUSIC OVER AS:

IT IS DRIZZLING MISERABLY AS CALLAN WALKS SLOWLY DOWN THE STREET. AS HE WALKS HE IS LOOKING AT FACES.

HE REACHES A SMALL TOBACCONISTS - HE ENTERS THE SHOP.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE SHOP CALLAN CAN BE SEEN HOLDING A PHOTOGRAPH BEFORE THE EYES OF THE SHOPKEEPER WHO, WHILE SERVING ANOTHER CUSTOMER, IS SHAKING HIS HEAD NEGATIVELY TOWARDS CALLAN. CALLAN TURNS AND WALKS FROM THE SHOP.

MIX TO:

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CALLAN WALKING DOWN A RESIDENTIAL STREET WEARILY.

CUT TO:

CALLAN'S P.O.V. OF MISERABLE, UNINTERESTING FACES PASSING BY:

MIX TO:

CALLAN'S FEET WALKING ALONG THE WET PAVEMENTS.

MIX TO:

CALLAN AT THE FRONT DOOR OF A HOUSE SHOWING A PHOTOGRAPH TO A WOMAN AT THE FRONT DOOR. SHE IS SHAKING HER HEAD.

MIX TO:

CALLAN'S FEET WALKING DOWN THE ROAD. MIX IN SEQUENCE TWO OR THREE SHOTS OF CALLAN FULL LENGTH WALKING, AND HIS FEET WALKING.

MIX TO:

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HIGH ANGLE SHOT P.O.V. OF FIRST FLOOR WINDOW - CALLAN DIRECTLY BELOW TALKING TO SOMEONE AT THE DOOR

HE TURNS AWAY FROM THE DOOR AND WALKS DOWN THE STREET.

A MOMENT LATER, A MAN - KENNY - FOLLOWS INTO THE STREET AND WATCHES AFTER CALLAN.

KENNY TURNS AND LOOKS UP TOWARDS CAMERA.

CUT TO:

KENNY'S POV.

A YOUNG WOMAN, SUSANNE, SHORT DARK HAIR AND ATTRACTIVE - OF MIDDLE EUROPEAN - POSSIBL JEWISH DESCENT, WATCHES FROM THE WINDOW.

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SCENE 2. DAY 1. DAY (STUDIO)
INT. STRIKER'S BEDSITTER

SUSANNE IS STANDING BY A SIDEBOARD ON WHICH IS A TELEPHONE AND AN EFFICIENT LOOKING CAMERA

THE ROOM IS TYPICALLY EARLS COURT BEDSITTERLAND IN DECOR. THE ROOM IS MINIMALLY FURNISHED WITH LANDLORD-TYPE OLDISH FURNITYRE. THERE ARE VERY FEW PERSONAL POSSESSIONS IN THE ROOM THAT WOULD THROW LIGHT ON THE OCCUPANT'S CHARACTER.

KENNY, MIDDLE-AGED LANDLORD OF THE HOUSE, IS STANDING AGAINST THE CLOSED DOOR TALKING TO SUSANNE.

SITTING ON THE BED IS STRIKER. STRIKER IS NONDESCRIPT IN APPEARANCE. IN A CROWD, HE WOULD NEVER RATE A SECOND GLANCE. IN A DESERTED STREET HE WOULD NOT RATE A SECOND GLANCE.

KENNY: It's Striker he's looking for all right - got a clear photo ....

SUSANNE PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE. SHE DIALS A NUMBER.

STRIKER: Then it's a bloddy good job I went to ground isn't it?

SUSANNE SPEAKS INTO THE PHONE

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SUSANNE: Susanne...they were onto Striker.

SUSANNE LISTENS. SHE SHOOTS THE OCCASIONAL GLANCE AT STRIKER WHO WATCHES JUST A TRIFLE CONCERNED.

SUSANNE: (CONT.) (TO PHONE) Will do.

SHE REPLACES THE RECEIVER. SHE TAKES THE CAMERA AND FITS A FILM INTO IT.

(TO STRIKER) You're to break cover...get yourself seen about the district.

STRIKER IS ASTOUNDED

It's confirmed - we kill Hunter.

CLOSE SHOT STRIKER CONCERNED.

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SCENE 3. DAY 2. DAY (TELECINE) EXT. HUNTER'S OFFICE

CALLAN ARRIVES

SEES LIZ

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SCENE 4. DAY 2. DAY (STUDIO)

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE

Note: Throughout the script the Hunters have been lettered (A) or (B). Some of the (B) Hunter will be played by (A) On every occasion he is seen from Callan's POV

HUNTER (A) SITTING AT HIS DESK. CALLAN SITS VERY RELAXED IN A CHAIR OPPOSITE.

CALLAN: 124 Minegur Street. He's only just been noticed. Maybe he's only been there a couple of days.

HUNTER (A): Or maybe he thinks he's clear.

CALLAN SHRUGS.

I want you to watch him. See where he goes - who he meets. Get a room opposite - twenty four hours a day, Callan.

CALLAN: Me and who else?

HUNTER (A): Just you.

CALLAN: Come off it. You've got a whole flaming department geared for surveillance jobs .. one man - me - no can do. Especially when you won't give me half an inkling what's going on.

HUNTER (A): One man - will have to do. There's nobody else I can spare at the moment. The Soviet President is coming over in a couple of days. I've got everybody checking out all the political undesirables you can think of. Besides which, you're the only one I can trust.

CALLAN REACTS

CALLAN: Then would you mind filling me in on the whys and wherefores? (BEAT) ... Sir.

HUNTER SHAKES HIS HEAD.

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HUNTER (A): Just watch and report ..... directly to me - nobody else - just to me.

CALLAN: You're being very secretive. Anybody'd think it was you they were after.

CLOSE SHOT HUNTER'S REACTION

CALLAN: (BIG GRIN) Is it?

HUNTER (A): You know the rules.

CALLAN: If I don't get to know what it's all about.

HUNTER SHAKES HIS HEAD. CALLAN SHRUGS AND RISES.

CALLAN: Cont'd Then I'm not interested. The job's not possible.

CALLAN REACHES THE DOOR BEFORE HUNTER STOPS HIM.

HUNTER (A): Take the weight off your brain. (HE POINTS TO A CHAIR) Striker is a radio operator for the opposition.

CALLAN AT THE DOOR, GRINS.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 5. DAY 2. DAY (STUDIO)
INT. STRIKER'S BEDSITTER

SUSANNE IS STANDING AT THE WINDOW. IN HER HAND SHE HOLDS A TELEPHONE. THE CURTAINS ARE DRAWN, AND SUSANNE IS TAKING CARE NOT TO BE SEEN THROUGH THEM.

SUSANNE: (TO PHONE) Yesterday - yes. (BEAT) He's on the second floor directly opposite. (BEAT) Yes - everything about him - where he lives - who his friends are - where he eats - drinks (SHE SMILES) Everything. (BEAT) Right. (BEAT) Right - I'll mobilise them.

SHE REPLACES THE RECEIVER ON THE PHONE, THEN CARRIES IT TO THE SIDEBOARD AND PUTS IT DOWN BEFORE ANSWERING STRIKER'S LOOK OF QUERY.

Tonight. You can go out for a last little drinkies. How'd you like that, eh?

STRIKER, WORRIED, WATCHES HER

We only want to fix his phone and put bugs in his bed.

CUT TO:

SCENE 6. DAY 2. NIGHT (STUDIO)
INT. EMPTY ROOM

THE ROOM IS NOT COMPLETELY VOID OF FURNITURE THERE IS AN ARMCHAIR BY THE CURTAINED WINDOW AND BY THE ARMCHAIR, A SMALL TABLE ON WHICH

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LIES A PAIR OF BINOCULARS AND A TELEPHONE. IN ONE CORNER OF THE NON-CARPETED FLOOR STANDS A DERELICT SETTEE.

CALLAN, HIS RAINCOAT DAMP WITH RAIN, COMES INTO THE ROOM. HE STRIPS OFF THE COAT, THROWING IT ONTO THE SETTEE BEFORE HE CROSSES TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS THROUGH TOWARDS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET

HE SETTLES IN THE ARMCHAIR STILL WATCHING THE FLAT OPPOSITE.

THE DOOR OF THE ROOM OPENS. CALLAN TURNS QUICKLY TO SEE HUNTER STANDING IN THE DOORWAY.

HUNTER (A): You should keep this door locked.

CALLAN: You expect a lock for three pounds a week?

CUT TO:

SCENE 7. DAY 2. NIGHT (STUDIO)

INT. STRIKER'S BEDSITTER

SUSANNE, KENNY AND STRIKER LISTEN TO A LOUDSPEAKER. FROM IT EMITS HUNTER'S AND CALLAN'S CONVERSATION.

HUNTER (A): (VO) I called earlier....

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CALLAN: (VO) You should have tried the pub down the road.

HUNTER (A): (VO) I take it Striker was there.

CALLAN: (VO) I was outside in the road. (BEAT)

HUNTER (A): (VO) Could you get into his flat tonight?

SUSANNE GLANCES QYICKLY AT HAYNES AS WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE 8. DAY 2. NIGHT (STUDIO)
INT. EMPTY ROOM

RESUME CALLAN AND HUNTER

CALLAN: While he's there? How?

HUNTER RUNS A FINGER OVER THE DUSTY TABLE TOP.

HUNTER: (A) Walk through the front door. Nobody would notice. It's an Earls Court Flat. None of the tenants know who the other tenants are.

CALLAN: Except that that place is an opposition house. (BEAT) The landlord when I called, denied knowing Striker.. so it must be.

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HUNTER FLICKS THE DUST OFF HIS FINGER.

HUNTER (A): There's a handy drainpipe.

CALLAN: I'm not trained as an acrobat.

HUNTER (A): Lonely?

CALLAN: There'd have to be a very good reason.

HUNTER (A): Striker transmitted this afternoon - he uses a one-time code when he transmits ... that means he's got a one-time code pad somewhere in that flat - I'd like a copy. It's got to be in there. We need it.

CALLAN: It I took it, he'd know, wouldn't he? That we'd pick him up.

HUNTER (A): You photograph it and Lonely puts it back again. Easy enough.

CALLAN: Perhaps. Is it that important ?

HUNTER (A): To me. Yes. I think it will tie in with what I learned in Mowcow.

CALLAN LOOKS ACROSS THE ROAD

CUT TO:

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SCENE 9. DAY 2. NIGHT (STUDIO)
INT. STRIKER'S BEDSITTER

SUSANNE TURNS OFF THE LOUDSPEAKER. SHE TURNS, LOOKS AT STRIKER THEN AT KENNY.

STRIKER: Well?

SUSANNE: (THOUGHTFUL) Mmm? Oh - let him come - let him go.

SHE SMILES AS WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE 10. DAY 2. NIGHT (STUDIO)
INT. EMPTY ROOM

CLOSE SHOT LONELY, STARING AT CALLAN, AGHAST.

LONELY: Go in through the flippin' window while the charlie's in there kipping? You're off your rocker.

CUT TO CALLAN GRINNING

What am I looking for?

CALLAN PICKS UP A PAPER AND PENCIL

CALLAN: I don't know. Any odd-looking bundle of papers with odd letters written in blocks like this...it'd be hidden.

CUT TO WILD SHOT. CALLAN SCRIBBLES SOME LETTERS ON A PIECE OF PAPER.

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RESUME CALLAN AND LONELY

CALLAN: Maybe a writing pad. It could be a book - I don't know. Just have a look - see if there's anything that doesn't fit in with the rest of the room.

LONELY: (VERY DOUBTFUL) Not an easy job with the bloke right there.

CALLAN: You've done it before.

LONELY: Who has?

CALLAN: You have. Wasn't it you who told me you'd done a country castle? You'd been in the bedroom knocking off her ladyship's sparkers while she was with the leading man from the local rep. not two yards from you?...Didn't you?...Didn't you tell me that.

LONELY PULLS A FACE IN HAPPY MEMORY.

CUT TO:

SCENE 11. DAY 2. NIGHT
INT. STRIKER'S BEDSITTER

THE ROOM IS IN ALMOST TOTAL DARKNESS. THE ONLY ILLUMINATION IS FROM A FLASHING NEON LIGHT AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET. THIS LIGHT IS ENOUGH TO SHOW A SLEEPING FORM HUDDLED UNDER THE BLANKETS OF THE BED WHEN WE OPEN ON IT.

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WE PAN SLOWLY ACROSS THE ROOM TOWARDS THE WINDOW. THE CURTAINS ARE CLOSED. THE SILHOUETTE OF A FIGURE APPEARS AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WINDOW. THERE IS THE FAINT SOUND OF A WINDOW CATCH BEING FORCED AND THEN THE SILHOUETTE SLIPS INTO THE ROOM THROUGH THE CURTAINS.

CUT TO A CLOSE SHOT OF LONELY. THIS NORMALLY FRIGHTENED MAN IS THE FULL-AWARE PROFESSIONAL AS HE LISTENS AND WATCHES.

TOTAL SILENCE. THERE IS NO SOUND IN THE ROOM EXCEPT FOR A VERY LOW DRIP - A LEAKY PIPE OR TAP PERHAPS.

LONELY CROSSES TO THE BED. HE BENDS DOWN AND PLACES BY THE BED SOME MARBLES.... AROUND THE AREA A SUDDENLY WAKING MAN MIGHT PLACE HIS FEET.

LONELY STANDS. A SMALL BEAM FROM A PENCIL TORCH FLASHES ROUND THE TABLE TOP AND SIDE-BOARD SURFACES OF THE ROOM.

LONELY CROSSES TO A CHEST OF DRAWERS. HE STARTS AT THE BOTTOM DRAWER, OPENING AND SEARCHING SWIFTLY THROUGH IT.

CUT TO:

SCENE 12. DAY 2. NIGHT (STUDIO)
EXT. EMPTY ROOM

CALLAN WAITING ANXIOUSLY

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CUT TO:

SCENE 13. DAY 2. NIGHT (STUDIO)
INT. STRIKER'S BEDSITTER

LONELY IS AT THE MIDDLE DRAWER NOW. THERE IS THE STEADY DROP OF THE 'TAP'.

LONELY DOESN'T CLOSE THE DRAWER BUT OPENS THE ONE ABOVE IT PROFESSIONALLY - AGAIN, THE SEARCH.

A SOUND FROM THE HALL - A CLOSING DOOR.

LONELY RISES SWIFTLY AND LISTENS. SILENCE AGAIN EXCEPT FOR THE DRIP. LONELY IS BENDING DOWN AGAIN WHEN HIS ELBOW CATCHES THE STATUETTE ON THE CHEST. IT TOPPLES.

CUT TO:

WILD SHOT OF A HAND CATCHING THE STATUETTE AS IT REACHES THE GROUND, JUST SAVING IT.

CUT TO:

LONELY SIGHING SILENTLY IN RELIEF, REPLACES THE STATUETTE ON TOP OF THE CHEST. HE BENDS BACK TO HIS TASK.

SUDDENLY HE FREEZES. HIS FACE LIGHTS UP AS HIS HANDS TAKE A BLACK METAL CASH BOX FROM THE DRAWER. LONELY CLOSES THE DRAWERS SILENTLY. HE THEN STARTS TO PICK UP THE MARBLES HE PLACED ON THE FLOOR.

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CUT TO:

WILD SHOT. LONELY'S HAND PICKING UP MARBLES TOUCHES A SMALL, BLACK LOOKING POOL' STAINING HIS FINGERS.

CUT TO:

LONELY RAISING THE FINGER TO HIS EYES PUZZLED. HE SHINES THE BEAM OF THE TORCH ONTO THE RED-STAINED FINGERS. HE SWALLOWS.

HE SLOWLY RISES AND LOOKS AT THE HUDDLED FORM ON THE BED. HE LISTENS CLOSELY TO THE FORM. SILENCE, BUT FOR THE STEADY DRIP.

LONELY TENTATIVELY REACHES OUT A HAND AND GENTLY PULLS THE BLANKETS DOWN.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT LONELY'S FACE. ABJECT HORROR AND TERROR.

CUT TO:

LONELY TURNS AND STARTS TO RUN FROM THE BED TOWARDS THE WINDOW. HE STUMBLES ON SOME MARBLES AND CRASHES INTO THE DRESSER.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT STRIKER'S FACE ON THE BED. EYES WIDE OPEN AND VERY, VERY DEAD, WITH A NASTY WOUND ON THE THROAT.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 14. DAY 2. NIGHT (STUDIO)
INT. EMPTY ROOM

LONELY, IN PANIC, THRUSTS THE BLACK METAL BOX INTO CALLAN'S HANDS.

LONELY: Here - take it. Let's get out of here.

CALLAN: (FUMBLING AT THE BOX LID) Hang on - you've got to put this back.

LONELY: Not on your nellie, mate. Not bleeding likely. Not with him up there.

CALLAN: (ANXIOUS) He saw you?

LONELY: Not him. He could't - not him. Somebody's done him - he's a stiff he is.

CLOSE SHOT CALLAN'S FACE

CUT TO:

SCENE 15. DAY 2. NIGHT. (STUDIO)
INT. SECTION MERES' BEDRROM

MERES LIES ASLEEP IN THE BED WHICH, WITH A TELEPHONE TABLE, IS ALL WE NEED FOR THIS SECTIONAL SET.

THE TELEPHONE IS RINGING

MERES BLEARILY OPENS HIS EYES AND REACHES OUT FOR THE TELEPHONE. HE BRINGS IT CLOSE TO HIS PARCHED, DRY MOUTH.

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MERES: Morning sir. Meres, sir. (BEAT) Do what?

HIS EYES SNAP OPEN

CUT TO:

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SCENE 16. DAY 2. NIGHT (TELECINE)
EXT. STREET

THERE IS VERY LITTLE TRAFFIC OR PEOPLE IN THE STREET.
LONELY EXITS
PARKED DIRECTLY OUTSIDE CALLAN'S FLAT STANDS AN AMBULANCE.

MERES STANDS LOOKING AT THE AMBULANCE. THE DRIVER IN UNIFORM IS POINTING AT THE APARTMENT BUILDING.

MERES NODS TO THE DRIVER, THEN WALKS TOWARDS THE DOOR OF THE APARTMENT.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 17. DAY 2. NIGHT (STUDIO)
INT. EMPTY ROOM. BLOCK LANDING

THREE MEN, TWO OF THEM SIMPLY, QUIETLY DRESSED STRONG-ARM MEN, THE THIRD AN INTELLIGENT, SLIGHTLY BUILT AND PLEASANT FACED YOUNG MAN, HAYNES.

MERES COMES UP A FEW STAIRS TO JOIN THE MEN. HAYNES STEPS FORWARD TO GREET HIM.

HAYNES: Mr. Meres?

MERES NODS

Haynes - Section Three. Did your executive...?

MERES: Hunter told me your Section were handling this case...that I was to meet you here and co-operate.

HAYNES: Hunter will be in charge, of course (BEAT) Officially.

MERES NODS AT THE DOOR

MERES: Get it over with, then.

HAYNES LOOKS AT THE HEAVIES WHO WALK TO THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 18. DAY 3. DAWN (STUDIO)
INT. EMPTY ROOM. FLAT

OPEN ON THE BLACK CASH BOX STILL LOCKED, STANDING ON THE DRESSER.

PAN TO CALLAN, TRYING TO OPEN BOX

THERE IS A HAMMERING ON THE DOOR. CALLAN, ANNOYED AT HIS DISTURBANCE, GOES TO THE DOOR.

AS CALLAN REACHES THE DOOR IT BURSTS OPEN - THE TWO HEAVIES COME INTO THE ROOM - BOTH HAVE REVOLVERS DRAWN. THEY STAND ASIDE AS MERES WALKS INTO THE FLAT FOLLOWED BY HAYNES.

CALLAN: If you'd given me a second - I'd have opened it, wouldn't I? What the hell do you want?

THE TWO MEN ADVANCE TO EITHER SIDE OF CALLAN.

MERES: You.

CALLAN: I didn't know you cared.

MERES: You're under arrest, David.

CALLAN IS STAGGERED

CALLAN: You what! What's the charge?

MERES: Espionage - Para 19 - Defence of the Realm Act, 1949.

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CALLAN LOOKS AROUND THE FLAT FOR SOMETHING

CALLAN: Get lost!

CALLAN PATS HIS POCKETS - HE PUTS ONE HAND CASUALLY INTO HIS POCKET.

ONE OF THE TWO MEN CLOSES IN WITH A REVERSED GUN AND HITS CALLAN BEHIND THE HEAD. CALLAN SLUMPS ONTO THE GROUND.

MERES SWINGS ONTO HAYNES

MERES: What was that for?

THE SECOND OF THE TWO MEN HAS BENT DOWN MASKING CALLAN FROM MERES' VIEW AND CAMERA. THIS MAN NOW TURNS TO MERES, HOLDING OUT IN ONE HAND A SMALL AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

HAYNES: He was going for it.

SOUND THE TELEPHONE STARTS TO SHRILL. HAYNES BREAKS TOWARDS IT, STOPS WHEN BY IT, AND LOOKS AT MERES. MERES NODS. HAYNES PICKS UP THE RECEIVER.

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HAYNES: (CAUTIOUS) Hello? (BEAT, THEN ATTENTION) Yes sir?

HAYNES HOLDS THE RECEIVER TOWARDS MERES.

For you - Hunter, sir.

MERES CROSSES TO THE TELEPHONE AND TAKES IT FROM HAYNES.

MERES: (TO PHONE) Sir (BEAT) Collect Snell and bring him to HQ.... Right... Shall I bring in Callan first, or ...? (BEAT) Right, sir.

MERES REPLACES THE PHONE.

MERES: (TO HAYNES) You're to take Callan in. I'm to collect Snell.

HAYNES: Who's Snell?

MERES STARTS TO WALK TO THE DOOR.

MERES: A head-shrinker who's good at getting questions answered.

MERES IS ABOUT TO EXIT WHEN HAYNES STOPS HIM.

HAYNES: Oh - Meres! ... (BEAT) Stay in call - we shall need to ask you a few questions as well.

MERES FROWNS THEN TURNS AND EXITS.

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CUT TO:

SCENE 19. DAY /. MORNING (T/C)
EXT. STREET.

LONELY, WATCHING.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 20. DAY 3. MORNING. (STUDIO)
INT. EMPTY ROOM.

HAYNES AND THE OTHER MEN ARE TAKING THE STILL UNCONSCIOUS CALLAN FROM THE FLAT. MERES WATCHES THEM GO, THEN HAVING TAKEN A LAST LOOK ROUND THE FLAT, HE LEAVES AFTER THEM.

CUT TO:

THE BLACK CASH BOX STANDS ON THE DRESSING TABLE, STILL.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 21. DAY 3. MORNING. (T/C)

EXT. STREET.

LONELY WATCHING.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 22. DAY 3. DAY. (STUDIO)
INT. EMPTY ROOM.

LONELY: (V/O) Mr. Callan!

LONELY COMES INTO THE FLAT. HE SEARCHES AROUND. SEES KEYS. HIS EYES ALIGHT ON THE BLACK CASH BOX. HE WALKS OVER TO IT. HE TRIES THE LID. IT IS STILL LOCKED.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 23. DAY 3. DAY. (T/C)
INT. AMBULANCE.

CALLAN'S P.O.V.

CALLAN COMES TO., LYING ON THE STRETCHER BUNK. HE WINCES AND FEELS HIS HEAD. HE LOOKS ROUND, SEEING HAYNES SITTING ON THE BUNK OPPOSITE.

HAYNES: (CHEERFULLY) Sorry about that. We thought you were going for a gun. Meres said it was a gun. And you do carry a gun.

HAYNES TAKES A PACKET OF CIGARETTES FROM HIS POCKET. HE OFFERS ONE TO CALLAN.

CALIAN: All right - whose bright idea of a joke is this?

HAYNES: Joke?

HAYNES RISES FROM THE BUNK, WALKING TO A WALL-MOUNTED TRAY. FROM IT HE TAKES A SYRINGE. HE SQUIRTS LIQUID FROM IT TO REMOVE THE AIR.

CALLAN: The arrest.

HAYNES: No joke, friend.

CALLAN: You're right there - it's a bloody farce.

HAYNES SHAKES HIS HEAD.

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CALLAN: (CONT/D) Then let's get to Hunter, shall we - and let's have a see whose guts for gaiters I'm going to get.

HAYNES GRINGS AT HIM, AND WALKS TOWARDS CALLAN WITH THE SYRINGE.

What the...!

CUT TO:

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SCENE 24. DAY 3. DAY. (STUDIO)
INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE.

HUNTER STANDS IN THE DOORWAY OF HIS OFFICE LOOKING AT:

MERES SITTING ON THE EDGE OF HUNTER'S DESK TWIDDLING A GLASS PAPERWEIGHT IN HIS HANDS. MERES LOOKS UP AND SEES HUNTER.

HUNTER: (A) What is it, Meres?

MERES: Snell's in New York - and he's been there three days.

HUNTER CASUALLY WALKS TO HIS DESK.

HUNTER: (A) I know.

MERES: Then excuse the impertinence, sir - but why the....why ask me to fetch him, then?

HUNTER: (A) Who asked you?

MERES: You did!

HUNTER: (A) (CALM) Did I?

MERES: We were arresting Callan - you telephoned his flat, and...Section 3...?

HUNTER: (A) (SOFTLY) Go on - tell me all about Section 3 and Callan - and what you were doing arresting Callan - because

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HUNTER: (CONT/D) I'm damned if I know anything about it.

CLOSE SHOT MERES.

FADE OUT

END OF PART ONE.

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PART TWO

FADE IN.

SCENE 25 DAY. 3 DAY. (T'C)

INT. AMBULANCE.

CALLAN LIES BACK ON HIS BUNK. HAYNES DISMANTLES THE SYRINGE.

HAYNES: Make you feel better?

CALLAN: Dunno - makes me feel like I'm floating...floating...

HAYNES WALKS BACK TO CALLAN, SITS BY HIS SIDE AND LEANS DOWNTO SPEAK CLOSE TO CALLAN'S FACE.

HAYNES: We're taking you to the office, Callan - you understand?

CALLAN NODS BLANKLY.

HAYNES: Headquarters...I'll tell you when we arrive. When we get there, Hunter will want a little talk. Hunter....you remember Hunter, don't you Callan....

CALLAN IS SLOWLY FALLING ASLEEP.

....Remember Hunter.....

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HAYNES: When you wake up, Callan, you'll be in the office - Hunter's office - and then you'll talk to Hunter....do you understand, Callan? Do you understand?

CALLAN, EYES CLOSED, WHISPERS.

CALLAN: Want to talk to Hunter....want to talk to Hunter at the office....

HAYNES LEANS BACK SATISFIED.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP.

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SCENE 26. DAY 3. DAY. (O.B.)

INT. WAREHOUSE (HUNTER'S OFFICE)

EVERYTHING IS OUT OF FOCUS. CAMERA SEES ONLY MOVING SHADOWS.

HAYNES: (VO) Wake up, Callan - you are in the office. You are in Hunter's office, sitting in the chair in front of Hunter's desk. I am sitting on the desk. Wake up, Callan.

SLOWLY WE SHARPEN FOCUS AS HAYNES CONTINUES.

I'm going to ask you questions, Callan - and you will answer them and behave as your normal self. Do you read me, Callan?

THE SHOT AS FROM CALLAN'S P.O.V. BECOMES CLEAR AND WE SEE:

HAYNES SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE DESK FACING CALLAN.

THERE IS A PROJECTOR ON THE DESK BY THEM.

HAYNES: (NOW BUSINESS-LIKE) Now, on the 29th March you called at 22 Northfield Crescent and talked to a Mr. Barnes.

CALLAN, AS FIT AND BRIGHT AS HE NORMALLY IS, SHAKES HIS HEAD. HAYNES PRESSES A REMOTE CONTROL SWITCH.

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A PICTURE FLASHES ONTO THE WALL. IT SHOWS CALLAN TALKING TO A MAN IN THE DOORWAY OF A HOUSE.

HAYNES: (CONTD.) You.

CALLAN: Full marks.

HAYNES: Barnes.

CALLAN: Is it?

HAYNES: You tell me.

CALLAN: Never seen him before.

HAYNES PRESSES ANOTHER SWITCH. BARNES' FACE JUMPS TO CLOSE UP SHOT.

HAYNES: Barnes. Recruited into Soviet Espionage in May 1956.

CALLAN: I told you, I've never seen him before. The picture's faked!

HAYNES: Callan - we had an operative following you - you went there. To his house.

CALLAN: I visited a number of houses as far as the front doorstep.

HAYNES: Why?

CALLAN: I was carrying out orders.

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HAYNES: Whose orders?

CALLAN: Hunter's.

HAYNES: To do what?

CALLAN: Find a man.

HAYNES: What man?

CALLAN: All right - a man called Striker.... Striker....

HAYNES: (AS IF SHOCKED) Striker?

CALLAN: Yes.

HAYNES: (CALM AGAIN) Why?

CALLAN LOOKS AT THE CEILING.

All right - let's go back a bit. Who ordered you to find that man?

CALLAN: I told you - Hunter.

HAYNES LOOKS AT CALLAN FOR A MOMENT AND STARTS TO LAUGH.

HAYNES: You win.

CALLAN: It's funny - yes?

HAYNES: Hilarious.

CALLAN: I made a joke?

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HAYNES NODS

HAYNES: A beaut.

CALLAN: (THROUGH TEETH) Then share it.

HAYNES PRESSES THE REMOTE CONTROL SWITCH AGAIN. A GIRL AND CALLAN COME ON THE SCREEN.

HAYNES: Who is the girl?

CALLAN SHAKES HIS HEAD.

I'll tell you. Elsie Wilson. Recruited to Soviet Intelligence 1960.

CALLAN LAUGHS SHORTLY. ANOTHER FACE ON THE SCREEN.

Percy Willbrook. That's the name he uses. Soviet birth.

THE TELEPHONE ON THE DESK RINGS. HAYNES PICKS UP THE RECEIVER.

Haynes. (HE LISTENS) When? (BEAT) What time? (HE LISTENS, LOOKING AT CALLAN) Thank you.

HAYNES SLOWLY REPLACES THE RECEIVER. HE WALKS TO IN FRONT OF CALLAN AND LOOKS HIM STRAIGHT IN THE FACE.

Striker is dead.

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CALLAN: I know.

HAYNES: How?

CALLAN: A friend told me.

HAYNES: A lonely friend?

CALLAN STARES STRAIGHT BACK AT HAYNES.

You killed him.

CALLAN SHAKES HIS HEAD.

HAYNES: You had him killed.

CALLAN: Come offit.

HAYNES IS VERY QUIET, VERY POSITIVE AND VERY SLOW.

HAYNES: Striker was a colleague of mine.

CALLAN REACTS.

We joined the service together - we worked together. You could call him a friend. If you killed him, I'm going to take you apart.

CALLAN: Try me any time you like.

HAYNES: Striker had been detailed to work with another agent - to uncover the source of a leak in Hunter's department. During the course of his investigations, he discovered that your behaviour left a lot to be desired.

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CALLAN: He's not the first.

HAYNES: He had also accumulated a great deal of evidence. That evidence is now missing. Evidence that will, I understand, put you - if you're the leak - in prison for a hundred and one years.

CALLAN: I'm going to be an old man.

HAYNES RAISES A FIST THEN LETS IT DROP.

I'm glad you didn't. (BEAT) Where's Hunter?

HAYNES: He'll be back.

THE DOOR BEHIND THEM OPENS. A GIRL BACKS INTO THE ROOM CARRYING A KIDNEY TRAY WITH A SYRINGE AND SERUM. AS SHE TURNS, CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON HER FACE. THE GIRL IS SUSANNE.

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SCENE 27. DAY 3. DAY (STUDIO)

INT. LONELY'S FLAT.

LONELY, SITTING IN FRONT OF THE TABLE IS WORRIED AS HE LOOKS AT THE BLACK CASH BOX, WHICH IS SURROUNDED BY VARIOUS TOOLS LONELY HAS BEEN USING IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO OPEN THE BOX. HE PICKS UP A CHISEL AND STARTS TO TRY AGAIN.

CUT TO:

SCENE 28. DAY. 3. DAY (STUDIO)

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE.

MERES IS PACING THE FLOOR. THE OFFICE DOOR OPENS AND HUNTER COMES INTO THE ROOM. HE IS FOLLOWED BY SIR JOHN HARVEY. HUNTER IS SLIGHTLY HOARSE.

HUNTER: (A) You know Sir John don't you?

WILLIAMS NODS AT MERES WHO NODS BACK

Section 3 haven't got Callan.

MERES: They say not.

HUNTER: (A) (CURTLY) They haven't. So- we can take it the other side have.

MERES NODS MISERABLY.

And thanks to your incompetence, we can take

HUNTER:(A) (CONTD) it he thinks he was arrested by us.

MERES NODS AGAIN.

MERES: It sounded like you.

HUNTER (A): (ANGRY) At any given moment. I expect I could produce twenty men who sound like me. Voices aren't that difficult to copy - particularly on the telephone. I'd've thought common sense would have made you check back.

MERES: I'm sorry, sir.

HUNTER (A): So right at this moment, Callan is probably blabbing everything he knows about the job he was on.

MERES: Not Callan.

HUNTER (A): Like to bet money on it? Where can I find Lonely?

MERES: I think so.

HUNTER (A): Then find him and see what he can tell you. Though I doubt if it's very much.

HUNTER WEARILY SITS AT HIS DESK.

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SCENE 29. DAY 3. DAY. (STUDIO)

INT. LONELY'S FLAT.

CUT TO:

LONELY IS PACING RESTLESSLY AND USELESSLY AROUND THE FLAT, WORRIED AND DRINKING FROM A CAN OF BEER. ON THE TABLE IS THE BLACK CASHBOX.

SOUND: FROM THE STREET COMES THE SOUND OF AN APPROACHING POLICE CAR.

LONELY DOES NOT REACT UNTIL THE SOUND STOPS ABRUPTLY AS IF AT THE FRONT DOOR. HE GOES TO THE WINDOW AND PEERS OUT.

THEN HE TURNS BACK INTO THE ROOM, VERY WORRIED INDEED.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 30. DAY 4. DAY (O.B.)

INT. CELL

WINDOWLESS, SPARTAN CELL - JUST A BUNK.

SITTING ON THE BUNK IS CALLAN WHO STARES BLANKLY AT THE WALL.

FACING HIM FROM THE OPEN DOOR ARE HAYNES AND SUSANNE.

HAYNES: How long does this jungle juice give us?

SUSANNE: While he's conscious?

HAYNES NODS.

Two hours at a time - that's the longest time I can guarantee his response to your suggestions - in any case we were going about it the wrong way.

HAYNES: It's a crash course.

SUSANNE: If he were kept under for three weeks, with suggestions subconsciously implanted during that period - the effects would be more permanent - say up to a week at a time.

HAYNES: I'll remember that - for later.

HAYNES LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

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HAYNES: Its effects? - apart from allowing us to implant suggestions on his mind?

SUSANNE: It lowers his creative ability - making it harder to lie - easier to tell the truth. When he's trying to lie, he'll be a bit waflley.

CALLAN STIRS. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD TO CLEAR IT.

SUSANNE: 'Course it might kill him - the dosage we're giving him.

HAYNES: (TO CALLAN) Been down here before?

CALLAN SHAKES HIS HEAD.

You probably didn't even know it existed.

CALLAN: I don't even care. Where's Hunter?

HAYNES: Patience.

A TELEPHONE SHRILLS OFF. SUSANNE DISAPPEARS, TO ANSWER IT.

He'll be back.

SUSANNE REAPPEARS. SHE NODS HER HEAD TOWARDS THE CEILING.

Come on, Callan dear heart - walkies time. Back to Hunter's office.

CALLAN RISES FROM THE BUNK

CUT TO:

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SCENE 31. DAY 4. DAY (O.B.)

INT. SMALL CELL-LIKE ROOM

LONELY NERVOUSLY SITS IN A CHAIR

BEHIND HIM STAND A UNIFORMED POLICE CONSTABLE.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 32. DAY 4. DAY (O.B.)

INT. WAREHOUSE. (HUNTER'S OFFICE)

CALLAN SITS IN THE CHAIR BY HUNTER'S DESK. HE IS FLANKED BY HAYNES AND SUSANNE. HE LOOKS TOWARDS THE DOOR AS IT OPENS.

LONELY AND THE POLICE CONSTABLE ENTER. LONELY LOOKS ROUND THE ROOM PUZZLED.

HAYNES: (TO CONSTABLE) Been charged yet?

THE CONSTABLE NODS. LONELY STEPS FORWARD.

LONELY: It wasn't me that did him, guv - honest. (TO CALLAN) Mr. C. tell 'em it wasn't me what did him...he was dead, when I got in there.

HAYNES: What were you in Striker's room for, Lonely? You made an illegal entry. Why?

LONELY: Mr. Callan - he told me - he told me to look for some papers.

HAYNES: Did you?

LONELY NODS.

HAYNES: Did you find them?

LONELY: I dunno! I took a cashbox - but it was for Mr. Callan - wasn't it?

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CALLAN WATCHES.

LONELY: (CONTD.) He was already dead, he was, that geezer - honest. Mr. Callan - tell them. They're charging me with murder, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: It'll be all right, Lonely.

HAYNES: Get that box opened, Constable.

THE UNIFORMED POLICEMAN WALKS FROM THE ROOM.

(TO LONELY) Lonely. Callan asked you to get some papers.

LONELY NODS.

Did he tell you why he wanted them?

LONELY: No. Only that he was looking for a pad with some letters written on it in a funny way. Honest, guv - the charly was already stiff when I went in there.

HAYNES NODS UNDERSTANDINGLY. THE CONSTABLE COMES BACK IN WITH THE BOX, THE LID NOW LOOSE. HE PLACES THE CASH BOX ON THE DESK.

HAYNES: Was this the box?

LONELY NODS.

Are you sure?

LONELY LOOKS CLOSER.

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LONELY: Yes - that mark's the bloodmark from my fingers....I dipped 'em in a pool of it on the floor.

LONELY SHUDDERS AT THE RECOLLECTION. HAYNES LOOKS IN THE BOX. HE LIFTS OUT A REEL OF FILM - SOME PAPERS WITH NOTES ON THEM. HE READS THE NOTES. HE PASSES THEM TO SUSANNE.

HAYNES: They're Striker's all right. Pass them to Hunter. (TO POLICEMAN) Take him down and give him some tea.

THE POLICEMAN GENTLY PROPELS LONELY FROM THE ROOM. LONELY STOPS IN THE DOORWAY AND LOOKS BACK AT CALLAN.

LONELY STANDING IN THE DOORWAY FLANKED BY A UNIFORMED P.C.

LONELY: Sorry, Mr. C.

THE CONSTABLE TAKES LONELY'S ARM AND USHERS HIM OUT.

HAYNES BENDS HIS FACE DOWN CLOSE TO CALLAN'S.

HAYNES: What were you looking for, Callan? In Striker's flat?

CALLAN: Can I get something straight?

HAYNES: Be my guest.

CALLAN: You and the girl work for Section 3.

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HAYNES NODS.

CALLAN: (CONTD)
Not Hunter.

HAYNES: Obviously, as we are investigating his department for him.

CALLAN: Why?

HAYNES: He has reasons.

CALLAN: Yeah!

HAYNES: There's been a leak, Callan. I'm sure you know that.

CALLAN: Who uncovered it?

HAYNES: I did. Hunter asked for our assistance. Now - how about telling me what yuu were looking for?

CALLAN: A cypher pad.

HAYNES: Who for?

CALLAN: Hunter.

HAYNES: The next man to come through that door will be Hunter - we'll see who is telling the truth, Callan.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING. HAYNES TURNS AND STEFFENS SLIGHTLY IN A KIND OF SALUTE. CALLAN LOOKS TOWARDS THE DOOR.

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CUT TO:

HUNTER STANDS IN THE DOORWAY. HE STEPS INTO THE ROOM.

HAYNES: Hunter is here, Callan, Aren't you going to stand up? It's Hunter.

HUNTER (B): How's it going?

CUT TO CALLAN, HAYNES AND SUSANNE GROUPED.

HAYNES: He's not talking yet, sir. He will.

CALLAN: I will now. (TO HUNTER) About time you turned up.

HUNTER: (B) Sir.

CALLAN: Sir. Haven't you seen fit to tell them what Iwas doing for you? And why not?

HUNTER (B): (STRANGE) You tell them.

CALLAN SIGHS.

CALLAN: You had me look for a man. I had his photograph. I found him. Striker.

HAYNES: Go on.

CALLAN: You then told me that Section 3 had discovered there had been a leak in your department - it was becoming more apparent that there must be a traitor in

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CALLAN: (CONTD.) the office. Somebody pretty high up in the Department.

HAYNES LOOKS AT HUNTER WHO IS WATCHING CALLAN ATTENTIVELY.

This man Striker had been accidentally uncovered when using a transmitter. Then we lost him. You wanted him found, and then watched - because you suspected Striker was connected with the traitor in the department. Right - sir?

HUNTER SMILES BENIGNLY.

HUNTER:(B) Callan - you told that very nicely - didn't he, Haynes?

HAYNES: Very nice, sir.

HUNTER (B): Short, sweet and to the point. Right, Haynes?

HAYNES: I couldn't have made a better precis myself, sir.

HUNTER (B): A good performance - eh, Haynes?

HAYNES: Yes, sir.

HUNTER (B): I'd say it was the best performance I've ever heard in my life - especially so when it's all utter rubbish.

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CLOSE SHOT CALLAN. HIS JAW DROPS.

CUT TO: CLOSE SHOT STILL PHOTOGRAPH PROJECTED ON A WALL SHOWING CALLAN TALKING TO A WOMAN.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT STILL PHOTOGRAPH THE WOMAN'S FACE - IN CLOSE-UP.

CUT TO: CLOSE SHOT CALLAN TALKING TO A MAN.

CUT TO: CLOSE SHOT OF THE MAN'S FACE IN BIG CLOSE-UP.

CALLAN SITS OPPOSITE HUNTER'S DESK. HE IS VERY WEARY AS IS HAYNES, HAVING QUESTIONED HIM. SUSANNE WATCHES. HUNTER IS WORKING ON PAPERS HE HAS TAKEN FROM THE BOX.

HAYNES: Martin Herin. Soviet born. Came over in '65. You still deny talking to him?

CALLAN: The only people I talked to were ordinary citizens when I was looking for Striker.

HAYNES: On Hunter's orders.

CALLAN: Yes.

HAYNES TURNS TO SUSANNE.

HAYNES: You took the photographic evidence?

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SUSANNE: Yes, sir.

HAYNES: You saw Callan talking to these people?

SUSANNE: Well - yes, sir.

CALLAN'S EYES LOOK SHARPLY AT HER.

I followed him for a week. I photographed every person he spoke to - first in longshot, then a close shot of their faces. Then a close shot of the paper he was holding out to them to read.

CALLAN: A photograph of Striker.

SUSANNE: I don't know what he was showing them.

HAYNES PRESSES A REMOTE CONTROL SWITCH.

WE CUT TO THE WALL TO SEE A BLURRED LARGE CLOSE-UP OF A HAND HOLDING A PAPER WITH WRITING ON IT.

HAYNES: And from that, nor do we. But a photograph it is not. All right, Callan - let's start again. You are a link man in a cell of Soviet agents.

CALLAN: No I am not.

HAYNES: You are working with a man in Hunter's department. Who?

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CALLAN: I am not. I work for Hunter.

HE LOOKS TOWARDS HUNTER, WHO SMILES, AMUSED.

HAYNES: You have received orders about the Soviet President's visit to London.

CALLAN LOOKS UP SURPRISED.

Yes, Callan - we know. We broke that cypher. You were ordered to arrange that the Soviet President was assassinated on his arrival.

CALLAN: Oh, for heavens sake - if I'm an opposition agent, why should I arrange that?

HAYNES: Because we know there is a group high in the Soviet Praesidium who want him removed. They don't like the way he is becoming friendly to the West. This group - the one you work for - would prefer closer ties with China.

CALLAN: So I'm going to kill him to get rid of him and create a pretty nasty political situation for the West?

HAYNES: We're progressing at last.

CALLAN: Get knotted.

HAYNES: You discovered that Striker, working for Section 3, was on to you. You had him removed.

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CALLAN SHAKES HIS HEAD.

HAYNES: (CONTD.) Listen - friend. We know it was you. Two girls who live opposite Striker told me you were asking questions about him. It's a positive ident.

HAYNES TURNS AWAY FROM CALLAN.

(TO HUNTER) Striker's notes tell us anything, sir?

HUNTER (B): So far he can tell us very little. I gather that until he got interested in Callan, he hadn't uncovered anything against anbody in my department.

HAYNES LOOKS ACROSS AT SUSANNE.

SUSANNE: That's true, sir. Except for the lucky interception of the radio transmissions.

HAYNES: How did Striker get on to Callan?

SUSANNE SHAKES HER HEAD.

SUSANNE: I don't know. A tip-off.... But I do know that Striker got on to something more positive during that last week... while I was watching Callan. He mentioned it on the phone.

HAYNES: You've no idea what it was?

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD. HAYNES TURNS TO HUNTER.

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HAYNES: (CONTD) The Soviet President... when does he fly in?

HUNTER (B): First thing tomorrow morning.

HAYNES: With respect sir - I know that. What time?

HUNTER:(B) 9.00 hours.

HAYNES: That doesn't give us very long. Can I have your permission to pull in every known member of the opposition network?

HUNTER FROWNS AND PAUSES. CUT TO CLOSE SHOT OF CALLAN, BLEARY EYED AND WATCHING.

HUNTER (B): Well - if you insist. But there isn't much time. I'd concentrate on breaking him.

HUNTER POINTS AT CALLAN. HAYNES LOOKS AT CALLAN. HUNTER WALKS TO THE DOOR.

HAYNES: Don't worry, sir - I'll break him all right.

HUNTER EXITS.

HAYNES WALKS OVER TO SUSANNE. THE TWO OF THEM LOOK ACROSS AT CALLAN.

THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN. TWO HEAVY BOYS WALK INTO THE ROOM. THEY APPROACH CALLAN.

CLOSE SHOT CALLAN.

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CLOSE SHOT SUSANNE.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF A GRUNT. SUSANNE CLOSES HER EYES.

CALLAN LIES ON THE FLOOR, NOT MOVING, THE TWO HEAVIES BEND DOWN AND PICK HIM UP. THEY PLACE HIM BACK IN THE CHAIR.

HAYNES WALKS INTO SHOT. HE LIFTS CALLAN'S HEAD AND LETS IT SLUMP BACK ONTO HIS CHEST. HE WALKS AWAY FROM CALLAN.

PULL BACK TO SEE SUSANNE AND THE TWO HEAVIES WATCHING. HAYNES SHRUGS AND SILENTLY THEY ALL TROOP FROM THE ROOM. LEAVING CALLAN UNCONSCIOUS.

SUSANNE, LAST TO LEAVE, TURNS IN THE DOOR-WAY, AND LOOKS AT CALLAN WITH COMPASSION. THEN SHE TOO TURNS AND LEAVES THE ROOM, FIRST TURNING OFF THE LIGHT SWITCH AND THEN CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HER. THE ROOM PLUNGES INTO

(DAY 5. DAY)

DARKNESS. HUNTER (B) RE-ENTERS. ONLY ONE SMALL POOL OF LIGHT ON CALLAN.

CLOSE SHOT CALLAN'S FACE, JUST AWARE, JUST ILLUMINATED.

HUNTER (B): (VOICE OVER) Callan.....
Callan... .

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HUNTER'S VOICE IS SOFT - PERSUASIVE.

HUNTER (B):(CONTD.) Callan...

CALLAN'S EYES OPEN. HE LOOKS.

CUT TO CALLAN'S P.O.V. OF A DIMLY LIT HUNTER, BENDING OVER HIM.

Callan - do yourself a favour. Stall them.... admit everything - say you're in charge...say there is a killer. Give them a false description - a false name. Help yourself, man.

CUT TO A TWO-SHOT CALLAN AND HUNTER. CALLAN TRIES TO SPEAK, THEN DOESN'T BOTHER.

PULL BACK TO SEE THE WHOLE OFFICE. THERE IS ANOTHER OCCUPANT NOW - KENNY - THE LANDLORD CALLAN INTERVIEWED. HUNTER TURNS TO KENNY.

Haynes and Susanne gone?

KENNY: For a bite to eat.

HUNTER (B): Anybody else in the building?

KENNY: Only the bloke in the cells. Lonely - whatever his name is.

HUNTER:(B) Get rid of him.

KENNY: Permanently?

(BEAT)

HUNTER (B): /Why not?

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KENNY TURNS AND WALKS FROM THE ROOM.

HUNTER TURNS BACK ON CALLAN.

HUNTER: (B) Did you hear that, Callan? (CALLAN NODS. HUNTER WALKS TO A TAPE RECORDER ON THE WALL. HE TURNS IT ON) Like to save him? Lonely? (CALLAN STARES AT HIM) Lonely can't hurt me. As far as I'm concerned, he can go free.

CALLAN: The leak...you...The assassination plot - you...?

HUNTER SMILES.

HUNTER: (B) The fall guy - yes. Yes - I'm the leak, Callan. It took me a long time to get to the top of the tree - now you're going to help me stay there, aren't you? Now - just say your piece on the tape, and Lonely can go free, (BEAT) Come on, Callan - you've got an inventive mind.

THE OFFICE DOOR OPENS. KENNY COMES IN - HE CARRIES A STEN GUN.

KENNY: Got him outside.

HUNTER CROSSES TO THE TAPE RECORDER. HE PICKS UP A MIKE AND BRINGS IT TO CALLAN.

HUNTER (B): Well, Callan?

HE HOLDS THE MIKE IN FRONT OF CALLAN'S FACE.

CALLAN: Get knotted?

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HUNTER TURNS TO KENNY AND SPREADS HIS ARMS OUT IN A GESTURE OF DEFEAT.

KENNY TURNS AND LEAVES THE ROOM. CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

PAN IN ON CALLAN'S FACE.

SOUND: A SHORT BURST OF STEN GUN FIRE CALLAN REACTS. HE JUMPS FROM THE CHAIR WITH EFFORT. HE BRUSHES HUNTER ASIDE AND MAKES FOR THE DOOR.

AS HE REACHES IT, KENNY COMES BACK, STEN GUN AT THE READY, AND BLOCKS CALLAN'S WAY.

CALLAN FREEZES AND STARES THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.

CUT TO:

CALLAN'S P.O.V.
A TINY FIGURE LIES FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR, LIMBS TWISTED AND ASKEW.

CALLAN: Lonely.....

END OF PART TWO.

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PART THREE

FADE UP:

SCENE 33. DAY 6. NIGHT (O.B)

INT. THE CELL

CALLAN LIES ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR.
HE STIRS. HIS HEAD FEELS WOOLLY.
HIS MOUTH LIKE A CESSPOOL.
HE OPENS HIS EYES.

PULL BACK TO SEE SUSANNE STARING DOWN ON HIM.

SUSANNE: How do you feel?

CALLAN: Like I've slept a year.

SUSANNE: You've been like a log for four hours.

CALLAN: (A GRIN) Seems like I've been dead!

CUT TO:

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SCENE 34. DAY 6. NIGHT (STUDIO)

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE

HUNTER SITTING AT HIS DESK, WORRIED.
MERES SITTING IN FRONT OF HIM.

MERES: Writing Callan off?

HUNTER (A): A week on the missing list! (PAUSE) NODS.

MERES: Was there anything he could tell them?

HUNTER (A): If they could make him talk - yes. (HUNTER DEPRESSES AN INTERCOM BUTTON)

LIZ: (V.O.) Sir?

HUNTER (A): Full clearance on Meres in yet?

MERES IS SURPRISED

LIZ: (V.O.) Only for the last twenty years.

HUNTER (A): Thank you. (TO MERES) That's good enough.

MERES: I've been suspect?

HUNTER (A): Everybody in the Department is suspect. There's a leak. Probably an infiltrator and it's somebody who's been in the Section for a long, long time.

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MERES: Callan was working on that?

HUNTER NODS

HUNTER (A): Callan I could trust. The reported leakage often concerned matters that Callan couldn't have known about.

MERES: How did you uncover the leak?

HUNTER (A): Moscow! (MERES NODS) Without going into the tale too deeply - that's where I discovered there was one.

MERES: If they made Callan talk - they'd know their man was in jeopardy.

HUNTER (A): And either pull him out, or frame somebody else in this department - make him the fall guy.

MERES: That wouldn't work though - would it? To frame somebody else ... we could go on checking.

HUNTER (A): Whoever the plant is - his background is watertight - the only way he could make sure there would never be any damage, would be to close down the section - and remove everybody in the Section.

MERES: The lot of us? Liquidation?

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HUNTER: (A) You know the rules.

MERES: Then let's hope they don't crack Callan.

HUNTER: (A) And now I've confided in you - let's hope you aren't the leak.

MERES LOOKS STAGGERED

CUT TO:

Copyright Protected

SCENE 35. DAY 6. NIGHT (O.B)

INT. THE CELL

RESUME CALLAN AND SUSANNE

SUSANNE: Is it worth it, Callan? Being stubborn - not talking? (CALLAN TURNS AWAY FROM HER - IT IS A GREAT EFFORT FOR HIM EVEN TO SPEAK) They've only just started. You'll crack anyway, sooner or later. (BITTER) Everybody does.

CALLAN MANAGES A GRIN

CALLAN: What - can - I - tell - them?

SUSANNE: For the moment, who you've arranged to attempt the assassination in the morning. Who - and when.

CALLAN: Would you believe me if I told you it was Hunter? That he's framed me?

SUSANNE: Lay off, Callan. There's a mountain of evidence against you. Even your own friend Lonely is going to testify against you in court.

CALLAN: How? (BEAT) He's dead.

SUSANNE: Rubbish.

CALLAN: Hunter had him killed.

SUSANNE: He's at home.

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CALLAN: You took him there yourself?

SUSANNE: No.

CALLAN: You just take Hunter's word for it....?

SHE NODS

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD AND IS ABOUT TO TURN AWAY.

SHE TURNS TO HIM

CALLAN: When Haynes questioned you about the photographs you took of me and the Soviet agents - when he asked you if you'd seen them yourself - you paused. As if you hadn't. Why?

SUSANNE: I'm not a superwoman. I was some distance away - but I took a shot of them with a close-up lens.

CALLAN: Then with your own eyes, you didn't see them? (SHE DOESN'T ANSWER) Do you process your own film?

SUSANNE: Don't be ridiculous.

CALLAN: You handed it into the lab?

SUSANNE: They processed it - yes.

CALLAN: You gave it to them yourself? To the lab boys?

SUSANNE: Well - no.....

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CALLAN: Who did you give it to?

SUSANNE: Hunter, of course.

CALLAN: I'll make you a deal. Check - see if Hunter gave the film to the lab. Check - for me.

SUSANNE: In return....?

CALLAN: I'll say whatever you like me to say. I'll admit anything - everything, so long as Hunter did give your film to the official lab. for processing - the film you took. (SHE LOOKS AT HIM DOUBTFULLY) Oh - and listen - dolly-face....(CALLAN GRINS AT HER). .How do you know for sure that everybody's got a cracking point?

CUT TO CLOSE SHOT OF HER FACE, IT REMEMBERS, AND IS SAD.

SUSANNE: Take it from me - I know.

CALLAN WATCHES, WITH SOME HOPE. BUT SUSANNE PREPARES A SYRINGE.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 36. DAY 7. NIGHT. (O.B)

INT. WAREHOUSE. (HUNTER'S OFFICE)

WE OPEN CLOSE ON A CHAIR IN FRONT OF HUNTER'S DESK.
IN IT SITS ANDREWS - A THIN MAN - HIS FACE BLOOD-SPATTERED AND MARKED. HE IS DRESSED ONLY IN SHIRT AND TROUSERS. HAYNES STANDS NEAR HIM.

HAYNES: Name?

ANDREWS: Andrews. Edward Arthur Andrews.

HAYNES: How long have you acted as post box for the network?

ANDREWS: Ten years.

HAYNES: Who is your cell leader? (ANDREWS DOESN'T ANSWER. HAYNES SWINGS ROUND TO POINT AT CAMERA) (TO ANDREWS) Is this the man?

WE CUT TO SEE CALLAN AND SUSANNE FLANKED BY AN ESCORT

ANDREWS: No.

HAYNES: He is Callan - your cell leader. We know.

ANDREWS: How do I know it's Callan? I never got to meet him.

THE DOOR OPENS. HUNTER ENTERS. HE STOPS, STARING AT ANDREWS.

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HAYNES: (TO HUNTER) The first of the opposition network, sir - we got him an hour ago.

HUNTER, STARTLED, STARES AT ANDREWS, THEN RELAXES WITH A SMILE.

HAYNES: Only small fry, though, sir - Post Box.

HUNTER: (B) Carry on.

HUNTER CROSSES TO THE TAPE MACHINE HE REMOVES THE SPOOL FROM IT.

CALLAN: Stop him. Play that tape - there's proof in it - he admitted it to me - he's the leak. The tape was running!

HAYNES IS STARTLED

HUNTER: (B) Callan - don't you think it's time you dropped that act now? Nobody believes you.

CALLAN: Play it.

HUNTER LOOKS AT HAYNES

HUNTER: (B) It's an extract from a top-secret conference - at Cabinet level, - but I will if you want me to.

HAYNES SMILES

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HAYNES: That's all right, sir - there's no need. (HUNTER CARRIES THE TAPE TO HIS DESK AND STARTS TO LOCK IT AWAY) (TO ANDREWS) You admit that Callan is your cell leader? (ANDREWS NODS. HAYNES TURNS TO CALLAN) You see, Callan. Here's a pro. Like you. Only this one knows how much easier it is to co-operate. (CALLAN LOOKS AT ANDREWS, WHO DROPS HIS HEAD AS IF ASHAMED. HUNTER GOES TO HIS DESK. SUSANNE RISES FOR HUNTER TO SIT IN HIS CHAIR. HAYNES TURNS BACK TO ANDREWS) Now, Andrews - who is going to make the assassination attempt tomorrow? (ANDREWS DOESN'T REPLY. HAYNES TAKES A REVOLVER FROM HIS POCKET. HE BREAKS IT OPEN, INSPECTS THE BULLETS THEN STARTS TO REPLACE THEM) I meant what I said, Andrews. I shall happily kill you if you refuse to answer.

ANDREWS: I don't know, Mr. Haynes - I swear it. I don't know...

HAYNES: You do know there is going to be an attempt?

ANDREWS: Yes - Callan - told me.

HAYNES: But he didn't tell you who will do it?

ANDREWS SHAKES HIS HEAD. HAYNES SNAPS THE REVOLVER SHUT.

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HAYNES: Was it Callan?

ANDREWS: I don't know.

HAYNES: Another man?

ANDREWS: I don't know, I tell you. Look - nobody confided in me.

HAYNES: I don't believe you.

ANDREWS: I swear it.

HAYNES: Callan?

CALLAN SHAKES HIS HEAD HELPLESSLY.

CALLAN: Hunter's your man.

HAYNES: (TO ESCORT) Take him down. (THE ESCORT WALKS THE SOBBING ANDREWS - HE HELPS THE MAN FROM THE ROOM. HAYNES TAKES A REVOLVER FROM HIS POCKET - HE CHECKS THE CARTRIDGES IN IT) I have only three hours left, Mr. Callan. Now help me - and you'll live. Otherwise... otherwise I shall have to concentrate on the rest of the net asswe bring them in.

CALLAN: I told you...

HAYNES HOLDS THE REVOLVER TO SUSANNE - GIVING IT TO HER.

HAYNES: (TO HER) Kill him. (SUSANNE, STARTLED, LOOKS AT CALLAN THEN AT HAYNES) (CALM) Go on - kill him.

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SUSANNE: Mr. Haynes - we don't know for certain.....

HAYNES: Dammit, girl - we've got a job to do. I must have that information in three hours.

SUSANNE: But if Callan...

HAYNES: If Callan is innocent, we'll pray for his soul. For now - just kill him.

SUSANNE TURNS BACK TO CALLAN
SHE WALKS RIGHT UP TO HIM.
SHE PRESSES THE GUN AGAINST CALLAN'S HEAD.

HAYNES: Well, Callan?

CALLAN: I tell you, it's Hunter you want. I can't help you.

HAYNES: I'm sorry. (TO SUSANNE) Finish him.

SUSANNE, TORN, COCKS THE PISTOL.

SUSANNE: (SOTTO TO CALLAN) Hunter didn't have the film...

HAYNES: (SHARP) Susanne....(SUSANNE STILL HESITATES. HAYNES STEPS FORWARD, HAND OUT) Give me the gun.

SUSANNE: It's all right. (SOTTO TO CALLAN) I am sorry, but I will keep checking.

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CLOSE SHOT - GUN AGAINST HEAD (CALLAN)
SHE PULLS THE TRIGGER - THE HAMMER FALLS WITH A CLICK ON A DEAD BULLET.

CALLAN SOBB. HE CRUMPLES TO KNEES

HUNTER: (B) (A SHOT) Again....

CALLAN LOOKS UP IN MENTAL AGONY AS SUSANNE POINTS THE GUN DOWN AT HIM. THE TELEPHONE RINGS. HAYNES SNATCHES IT.

HAYNES: Haynes (HE LISTENS) Thank you. (TO SUSANNE) Hold it. (HE REPLACES THE PHONE. TO HUNTER) The remainder of the opposition net have disappeared. It's as if they'd been tipped off.

SUSANNE LOOKS SHARPLY AT CALLAN.
CALLAN NODS TO HER.

HUNTER: (B) Impossible.

THE DOOR OPENS TO ADMIT SIR JOHN HARVEY.

SIR JOHN: Am I....?

HUNTER: (B) Come in please, Sir John.

SIR JOHN: What time are we leaving to meet the President?

HUNTER: (B) Eight - from here.

SIR JOHN NODS. HAYNES TURNS TO SUSANNE

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HAYNES: Take him below -- we'll need him now.

SUSANNE, WITH A KNOWING LOOK AT CALLAN BECKONS TOWARDS THE DOOR WITH A GUN.

CALLAN: You're as good as through, Hunter.

HUNTER SMILES AT HAYNES WHO SMILES BACK AT HUNTER.

HAYNES: You've got to hand it to Callan, sir - they made him up pretty tough.

SUSANNE JABS CALLAN IN THE BACK.... HE GOES OUT OF THE ROOM WITH HER. THE DOOR CLOSES AFTER THEM

HAYNES: (TO HUNTER) Enough?

HUNTER: (B) Not half enough.

CUT TO:

SCENE 37. DAY 7. NIGHT (O.B)

INT. CELL. CORRIDOR.

CALLAN, PHYSICALLY BROKEN, IS SUPPORTED BY SUSANNE, AND A GUARD. THE GUARD OPENS A CELL DOOR. THEY GO IN.

CUT TO:

Copyright Protected

SCENE 38. DAY 7. NIGHT (O.B)

INT. CELL

SUSANNE TURNS TO THE GUARD

SUSANNE: It's all right - I can cope. Leave the door open.

THE GUARD OPENS THE DOOR AND WALKS AWAY. SUSANNE SMILES AT CALLAN. CALLAN LOOKS COLDLY AT HER.

CALLAN: What's it like, shooting a man in cold blood?

SUSANNE: I didn't.

CALLAN: You tried.

SUSANNE: A quick clean bullet would have been better for you then, than the delights Haynes has in store. I know how far he can go.

CALLAN: I'm sure you do.

SUSANNE: One of my jobs was to cover the Hungarian uprising. I mixed with the students...

CALLAN: So?

SUSANNE: I was captured by the opposition and interrogated. They were fond of their work.

CALLAN NODS

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SUSANNE: Especially with girl prisoners. (CALLAN TURNS AWAY) Shall I go on?

CALLAN: I'm sorry, of course.

SUSANNE: I know it's better to be dead than go through that.

CALLAN: Well, I prefer to take it and live - especially as you've discovered Hunter didn't hand that film to the lab. That's right, isn't it?

SUSANNE: Yes. That's why, if I hadn't tried to shoot you, Haynes or Hunter would, and I'd have been discredited... at least I could carry on the investigation while they trusted me. (BEAT) On your behalf.

CALLAN: Thank you very much! Hunter didn't process the film officially (SHE SHAKES HER HEAD) Then you believe me?

SUSANNE: Shall we say the case is still open?

CALLAN: The desk in Hunter's office - Hunter put a tape in it - remember? (SHE NODS) I was telling the truth. Get it and play it back. He tried to get me to make a confession to save Lonely ....the tape was running all the time - get it and listen.

SUSANNE: I'll try.

SHE GOES.

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CALLAN LIES DOWN EXHAUSTED

CUT TO CLOCK ON 6

BACK TO CALLAN
BACK TO CLOCK 8

SUSANNE RETURNS WITH SYRINGE.
SHE LOOKS AT CLOCK.
CLOCK AT 8
SHE PUTS KIDNEY TRAY AND SYRINGE BESIDE BED. GOES TO CLOCK, MOVES HANDS BACK TO 6.05.
HOLD ON CLOCK.
SUSANNE EXITS.
CALLAN SLEEPS ON.
SUSANNE ENTERS WITH NEGATIVES.
WAKES CALLAN.

SUSANNE: My nagatives....And these. (SHE HANDS HIM SOME PAPERS) Striker's writing. (SHE READS) 'Hunter....' Striker says it must be.

HUNTER: (B) (HARSH VOICE OVER) Sad, isn't it?

CALLAN AND SUSANNE TURN.
HUNTER AND KENNY WITH AN AUTOMATIC RIFLE STAND FACING THEM IN THE DOOR.

KENNY STEPS INTO THE ROOM COVERING THEM
HUNTER LOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

KENNY: Sit, Callan. (HE BECKONS TO A CHAIR. CALLAN SITS) Hands behind your back.

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CALLAN PUTS HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK. KENNY TAKES A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS FROM HIS POCKET AND SLAPS CALLAN'S HANDS TOGETHER IN THEM.

SUSANNE: There's no point in pretending any more, Hunter. You're through.

HUNTER TAKES A SMALL AUTOMATIC FROM HIS POCKET

HUNTER: (B) Only you and Callan know. Who's going to believe Callan?

SUSANNE: You can't frame me. (HUNTER SMILES SADLY AND GLANCES AT KENNY. KENNY PUTS THE STEN AWAY. HE TAKES A SCARF FROM HIS POCKET AND ADVANCES ON SUSANNE. SUSANNE WATCHES HIM, AFRAID) No...

KENNY BACKS HER AGAINST THE WALL.

CUT TO:

CALLAN WATCHING IMPOTENTLY WITH HUNTER SMILING BY HIS SIDE, WHILE OVER THE SHOT THERE IS THE SOUND OF SUSANNE'S STRUGGLES AND GASPS GETTING WEAKER.

FINALLY, THERE IS THE SOUND OF A THUD OF A FALLING BODY.

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WE CUT TO A LONGSHOT TO SEE SUSANNE IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR, KENNY BENDING OVER HER, HAND OVER WRIST PULSE. HE STANDS UP AND SMILES.

HUNTER TURNS TO CALLAN. HE PLACES THE PISTOL TO CALLAN'S HEAD.

KENNY WALKS TO BEHIND CALLAN AND UNFASTENS THE WRISTCUFFS.

KENNY THEN COLLECTS HIS STEN, WHILE HUNTER BACKS FROM CALLAN TOWARDS THE DOOR HUNTER UNLOCKS THE DOOR. KENNY OPENS IT AND SLIPS OUT CLOSING IT AGAIN.

HUNTER STAYS COVERING CALLAN FOR A MOMENT THEN RAISES THE PISTOL AND FIRES TWICE INTO THE CEILING.

A MOMENT LATER, THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN. HAYNES AND TWO HEAVY BOYS BURST INTO THE ROOM. HAYNES TAKES IN THE SCENE AT A GLANCE. HE RUNS TO SUSANNE AND BENDS OVER HER.

HAYNES: What's happened?

CALLAN DOESN'T SPEAK. HE KNOWS IT IS USELESS.

HUNTER: (B) I came in and caught Callan ~~free~~, and attacking Susanne. How is she?

HAYNES RISES, VERY SAD, SHAKING HIS HEAD.

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HAYNES: Would you be so kind, Mr. Hunter, as to leave me alone with Callan?

CALLAN: Haynes - Haynes - he did it.

HUNTER: (B) Haynes...

HAYNES: We aren't going to get anything out of him now...you'll have to cover your Presidential visitor as best you can.

HUNTER: (B) It's got to be an accident, Haynes.

HAYNES: It will be.

HUNTER NODS AND WALKS TO THE DOOR

CALLAN: Haynes. You have to believe me - it was Hunter....Hunter.

HAYNES NODS

HAYNES: Of course.

HAYNE'S FIST LASHES OUT, KNOCKING CALLAN AGAINST THE WALL.

CALLAN SLIDES DOWN THE WALL. HAYNES WALKS OVER TO HIM AND HITS HIM. CALLAN SLUMPS. HAYNES TURNS TO KENNY.

HAYNES: Get the van.

CUT TO:

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CLOSE SHOT CALLAN'S FACE -
HIS EYES FLICKER HALF OPEN.

HAYNES: (V.O) We'll drop him in the river.

CALLAN CLOSES HIS EYES

CUT TO:

Copyright Protected

SCENE 39. DAY 8. DAY. (STUDIO)

INT. LONELY'S FLAT.

OPEN ON THE WINDOWS.
THE CURTAINS ARE CLOSED.
THROUGH A SLIGHT GAP IN THEM CAN BE SEEN DAYLIGHT.

ON THE BED, FULLY DRESSED IS MERES.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH COMING UPSTAIRS. A MOMENT LATER THE DOOR IS OPENED.

MERES IS INSTANTLY AWAKE AND SWINGING TO HIS FEET HE CROSSES THE ROOM AND TAKES UP A POSITION BY THE DOOR.
HE TAKES AN AUTOMATIC PICTOL FROM HIS POCKET AND WAITS.
HOLD ON MERES AS THE DOOR IS OPENED, AND CONCEALS HIM FROM WHOEVER HAS ENTERED.

MERES SLAMS THE DOOR CLOSED AND STICKS HIS AUTOMATIC IN THE NAPE OF THE NECK OF WHOEVER HAS ENTERED.

WE CUT TO SEE THE MAN IS LONELY - WHO NEARLY JUMPS OUT OF HIS SKIN AT THE CONTACT.

MERES: Where the hell have you been? We've been searching all over for you.

LONELY: Sorry, guv, I'm sure - but the rozzers had me, hadn't they? Kept me there three days wouldn't let me have a lawyer, nor anything?

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MERES FROWNS

MERES: Who had you?

LONELY: The Law - the cops.

MERES: Don't give me that - I've been into every nick in the city. Which station was it?

LONELY: (FROWNS) Well - I .....come to think of it, I don't rightly know. I didn't ask.

MERES: You don't know!

LONELY: It wasn't really a nick, was it - it was this big warehouse. But they were coppers - it's where Mr. Callan is.

MERES: Where?

LONELY: In this warehouse, place.

MERES: For God's sake, Lonely, where?

LONELY: I don't know, Mr. Meres.

MERES: Come on, man.

LONELY: Well, - you see - it was a closed van they took me in - and brought me back in.

MERES: What did they want you for?

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LONELY: (LAUGHS) Murder! But. Mr. Hunter - the bloke what let me out - he...

MERES: Hunter?

LONELY: Yea - he said it was a mistake.

MERES: Right Lonely, move. You're coming to headquarters.

THEY GO FAST

CUT TO:

Copyright Protected

SCENE 40. DAY 8. DAY (T/C)

INT. GARAGE SECTION

SMALL SECTION OF A GARAGE WITH THE BACK OF AN AMBULANCE, IT'S DOOR OPEN, AT THE BACK.

HAYNES AND KENNY CARRY A PRONE CALLAN. THEY THROW HIM IN THE BACK OF THE VAN. KENNY CLOSES THE DOOR.

KENNY: Hadn't one of us better ride in the back with him?

HAYNES: No need - he'll never come to.

CUT TO:

Copyright Protected

SCENE 41. DAY 8. DAY (T/C)

INT. REAR OF AMBULANCE.

CALLAN LIES ON THE FLOOR OF THE VAN. HE OPENS HIS EYES AND LISTENS.

HAYNES: (V.O.) .... which is a pity. I'd like him to be awake when he goes under for the last time.

THERE IS A SOUND OF DOORS SLAMMING THEN THE ENGINE STARTS.

CALLAN TWISTS OVER TO LOOK TOWARDS THE DRIVER'S SECTION. IT IS COMPLETELY CUT OFF. CALLAN SMILES.

CUT TO:

SCENE 42. DAY 8. DAY (T/C)

EXT. LONDON STREET.

TWO OR THREE SHOTS OF HAYNES' AMBULANCE DRIVING DOWN DIFFERENT STREETS AND ROADS.

INTERCUT WITH:

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INT. AMBULANCE REAR. (T/C)

CALLAN IS CROUCHING BY THE DOORS TRYING TO FORCE THEM. THEN THEY OPEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET. (T/C)

CALLAN'S P.O.V.

THE STREET MOVING RAPIDLY AWAY FROM THE AMBULANCE.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTED JUNCTION. (T/C)

HAYNES' AMBULANCE STOPS AT TRAFFIC LIGHTS.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT OF LIGHTS CHANGING TO RED, RED AMBER, GREEN.

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CUT TO:

HAYNES' AMBULANCE DRAWING AWAY FROM THE LIGHTS. AS IT GOES, WE SEE CALLAN STANDING ON THE PAVEMENT, SMILING GRIMLY.

CALLAN LOOKS UP THE STREET AT:

CUT TO:

CALLAN'S P.O.V. OF A CLOCK. IT READS 7.30.

CUT TO:

INT. DRIVER'S CAB OF AMBULANCE.

HAYNES AND KENNY GLANCE AT EACH OTHER.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 43. DAY 8. DAY (O.B.)
INT. CALLAN'S FLAT

CALLAN ENTERS THE FLAT.

HE CROSSES STRAIGHT TO A CUPBOARD AT THE REAR OF THE FLAT. HE CROUCHES, RUMMAGES, THEN STANDS HOLDING AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

CUT TO:

Copyright Protected

SCENE 44. DAY 8. DAY (STUDIO)
INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE

MERES: Nothing, not a smell.

HUNTER (A): There must be something, Meres.

MERES: There is definitely somebody having Callan on.

HUNTER (A): Is he alright.

MERES: Lonely. Oh he's alright. Scared but he's trying hard.

HUNTER (A): Kee trying.

MERES TURNS TO DOOR.

HUNTER (A): Why Meres. Why go to all this trouble.

MERES: Interrogation Sir ?

HUNTER (A): There are quicker ways. No man could last a week.

MERES SHRUGS

HUNTER (A): I feel at times like this more than a little paranoic. Full alert Meres - I think we are in for a little trouble.

CUT TO:

Copyright Protected

SCENE 45. DAY 8. DAY (O.B.)
INT. WAREHOUSE. (HUNTER'S OFFICE)

HAYNES IS PACKING A SMALL SUITCASE. PULL BACK FROM HIM TO TAKE IN HUNTER (B) WHO IS SMILING AT SUSANNE, SITTING COMFORTABLY IN A CHAIR. THE TELEPHONE RINGS. SUSANNE REACHES OUT A HAND AND PICKS UP THE INSTRUMENT.

SUSANNE: Yes?

SHE LISTENS

Thank you. (SHE REPLACES THE RECEIVER)
An observer's spotted Callan leaving his flat.

HUNTER (B): We can but wait.

HAYNES: Will Callan make it.

HUNTER (B): I think so.

SUSANNE: What will happen to Callan.

HUNTER (B): They'll kill him - touch wood.
Does it matter.

SUSANNE: Not really.

CUT TO:

Copyright Protected

SCENE 46. DAY 8. DAY. (T/C)

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND.

A ROW OF OLD DUSTBINS IN THE CORNER OF THE YARD. A CAR PARKED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE YARD.

CALLAN STANDS IN THE GATEWAY - GUN IN HAND.

CALLAN RUNS TOWARDS THE CAR. HE DUCKS BEHIND IT. HE LOOKS OVER THE CAR AND SEES:

CALLANS P.O.V. AN EMPTY DOORWAY.
CALLAN SPRINTS TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR.

CUT TO:

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SCENE 49. DAY 8. DAY (STUDIO)
INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE

HUNTER IS STANDING BEHIND HIS DESK. THE DOOR BEHIND HIM CRASHES OPEN. HUNTER TURNS, SURPRISED.

HUNTER: Callan!

SUPERIMPOSE : CALAN'S P.O.V.

CALLAN STARTS TO APPROACH THE DEAD MAN. HE RAISES THE WEAPON FOR A LAST SHOT INTO THE DEAD MAN'S HEAD.

MERES: (V.O.) Callan! Callan! don't.

CALLAN SPINS ROUND BUT DOESN'T MAKE IT. TWO SHOTS RING OUT, THEN A THIRD. ALL HIT CALLAN WHO CRASHES INTO A WALL AND THEN TO THE FLOOR, HIS GUN HANGING USELESS IN HIS HAND.

CALLAN OPENS HIS EYES.

MERES: Why, Callan - shy?

CALLAN: (IN GREAT PAIN) Hunter .... going to kill Soviet President ... on arrival.

MERES: (ASTOUNDED) Are you mad? The President went home three weeks ago - you've been missing a month.

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